Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edwards vnhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne, his wife.

Richard, Thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife.
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To Rich. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe, and happy victory,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyranny,
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeild thy breath.
To Rich. I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be not thou dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
And *Richard* fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard *started out of his dreame.*

K. Rich. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes, I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Least I reuenge, What? my selfe vpon my selfe:
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yea, I lye I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well foole doe not fla
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongu
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale.
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periury, in the highest degree,
Murder, sterne murder, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the Boare, crying all, guilty, guil
I shall dispaire there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherefore should they? since that I my
Find in my selfe, no pitty to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I haue murd
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Rich*

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. My Lord tis I: the early village C
Haue thrice done salutation to the morne.
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their arr
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dream'd a feare
What think'st thou, will our friends proue all
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe I feare, I feare,
Rat. Nay good my Lord be not affraid of
King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to
Haue strooke more terrour to the soule of R
Then can the substance of ten thousand Sould
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow *Richm*
Tis not yet neere day come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents, Ile play the ewese-droppe
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me,

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond.*